

ontario ladies' college/vox collegii



A
LOOK
AT
THE
COLLEGE
1970



PRINCIPAL'S MESSAGE



EDUCATIONALLY SPEAKING

The chief aim of the Ontario Ladies' College is the moulding of mind, body and character. The challenge to the faculty and staff is enormous, because a totality of development is required — not only academic and physical, but moral, spiritual and emotional growth of a girl is expected to be on a superior plane. The fact that girls live in the school provides situations which foster this overall development in a unique way, but at the same time places a heavier mantle of responsibility on those who teach and guide.

The motto of this school has been wisely chosen by our forefathers.

Veritas Virtus Venustas — truth, virtue and loveliness is a worthwhile philosophy of

life to acquire while attending O.L.C. It was Milton who wrote that the end of learning was "to know God aright and out of that knowledge to love him, to imitate him, to be like him as we may the nearest, by possessing our souls of true virtue." It was Plato who believed that truth was both permanent and beautiful. Loveliness certainly is the mark of a fine and noble character.

Character means courage, truthfulness, trustworthiness, a sense of honour, independence, fair play, public spirit and leadership. We must not be content that our school merely imparts knowledge, develops and trains character in the narrow sense, but rather we must impart that sense of direction so essential in overcoming life's obstacles and hurdles. Hence the school chapel, religious worship, teaching and the development of a view of life are incorporated in the goals of the school.

It was Sir Richard Livingstone who wrote "at its best, the residential school has been and is admirably successful in producing men with right values and a clear way of life."

There is no substitute for character.

Reginald C. Davis, M.A.,
M.Ed., M.Mus., Ph.D.,
Principal

DEAN'S MESSAGE

Dear Students,

Now that travel is becoming easier and cheaper, it is quite possible that some of you will visit Jamaica in the future. If you do, go to one of the local Markets where they sell fruits and vegetables, and where the price is decided upon after some bargaining. When the buyer finally purchases what she wants she will usually say: "Where is mi braata?" The "braata" may be a carrot, a tangerine, or a handful of peas: it is the little bit extra that the buyer gets for her money. Most of us would be willing to accept the "braata", but how many of us would be willing to give it? Yet the market-woman who is generous never loses, for her customers always return.



Here at the school we have many students who give their "braata" in the form of time; time given to school organizations such as the A.A., the Choir, the Yearbook, the S.C.M., and the Debating Society. Time spent preparing the School Magazine, chaperoning junior students, and performing other necessary, but unpublicized activities. Without these students, the College would be a poorer place.

If the graduates of 1970 leave school and go out prepared to give, instead of expecting to always get, they will find that their attitude will make life more worthwhile, and this way of life will bring its own rewards.

If each student returning to OLC next year comes back willing to contribute her "braata" in some form or other, we will have more of that elusive, intangible, but essential "school spirit".

Sincerely,

Dorothy Perry

HEAD GIRL'S MESSAGE



When I think of OLC and all that it has done for me and all that it has meant to me in the past four years, a verse from Shakespeare's "As You Like It" comes to my mind: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players, each one of them having his entrance and exit . . . "

O.L.C. is not only a stage over which many girls pass from one year to another, most of them gaining some sort of personal reward or experience, but it is also a stage in another sense. O.L.C. is another level in the development of one's character and life. This is true regardless of how long you may stay here.

This school is different from other secondary schools in several ways. More than one hundred girls live in the building, from day to day. Through necessity they must quickly teach themselves how to get along with others. Some girls merely exist here while others take full use of the varied sources of interest and potential that the College offers to each and every one of its students. Girls are given responsibilities and leadership duties in the hopes that they will be able to handle these weights to the best of their ability.

As the times change so do the rules here at O.L.C. Changes are good and necessary. However the basic structure and the traditions remain and always will.

Again I would like to quote William Shakespeare: "Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore, so do our minutes hasten to their end." My life at O.L.C. has closed its doors now I am leaving its comforts and its hardships and its people to pursue another life, another stage.

"A happy life consists of the tranquility of mind."

Janet Smith

FACULTY



STANDING: Mrs. Saunders, Mrs. Swann, Mrs. Gadkie, Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Davis, Miss Nash, Mrs. Hallpike. SITTING: Miss Michalczuk, Mr. Dobie, Dr. Davis, Mr. Terry, Mrs. Holley, Miss Howell.

Reginald C. Davis, M.A., M.Ed., M.Mus., Ph.D.	Principal
Mrs. Dorothy Perry, M.P.S.	Dean & Religious Knowledge
Mr. Reginald Bedford, A.T.C.M.	Piano & Theory
Mrs. Eileen Boland	Speech Arts
Mrs. Eleanor Davis	Grade 7 & 8 Subjects
Mr. Eugene Dobie, B.A., M.Ed.	Guidance
Mrs. Jean Gadkie, B.Sc.	Mathematics
Mrs. Nanette Hallpike, B.A.	English & Physical Education
Mrs. Margaret Holley, B.A.	Latin & French
Miss Rosamund Howell	Home Economics, & Art
Mr. Stanley Ireland, B.A.	Physics
Miss Antonia Michalczuk, B.A.	German & French
Miss H. Donelda Nash, B.A.	History & Geography
Mrs. A. Ramsay, A.R.C.T.	Voice & Piano
Miss Lilly Saunders, B.A.	Library, English, & History
Mrs. Margaret Swann, B.A., B.Sc.	Science
Mr. Philip Terry, B.A.	Mathematics

EDITORIAL

This year the yearbook's position in the school has changed. The yearbook's name is "Vox Collegii" or for all non-Latin scholars "The Voice of the College". With our new Debating Society and the Newspaper, I feel that the name does not apply rightly to the yearbook.

Although the yearbook may no longer be a voice it will be the echo of the school year, for it will continue to remind us of 1970 at OLC long after the memory of every "Percolator" article has vanished and all but the "Valiant Three" have forgotten the resolution of the Ridley Debate. A yearbook is something that most of us will keep and treasure for many years for the memories it holds and for no other reason.

WHEN THE MEMORY OF 1969-1970 IS BUT A MEMORY, WHAT WILL THAT MEMORY BE?

I sincerely hope that all your memories will be of good times and that when you look at your yearbook in the future and think of OLC we will have managed to get all the memories in the few short pages.

I would now like to thank all my yearbook staff who didn't manage to get in the picture, the people who did write-ups and layouts. Now thanks to everyone else with a special thanks to Miss Nash, Mrs. Holley, Cathie, Wendy and the two Barbs.

Cathy McRae



YEARBOOK STAFF

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Cathy McRae

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Suzie Mitten

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Mrs. Holley

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HOUSEMOTHERS:

Mrs. Simpson
Mrs. Couch
Mrs. Williams
Mrs. Tucker
Mrs. Smith

RED VINTAGE





JOAN BOWDEN — Joan came from Arvida, Quebec. On her first night she was reprimanded for being on the Grade 13 hall instead of Grade Seven. Though Bowden is petite we always know when she is around. A member of Hare House, Bowden is the president of our Debating club. Her ambition is to be a journalist. We wish her a very successful future and may she spread the news and her opinion all over the world.



ESTHER CHAU — Esther is a cute girl from 'Kowloon' Hong Kong. Her hobbies are knitting and eating. When you see her pink sweater, you will recognize it is knitted by her, at O.L.C. Ice cream and cakes are Esther's favorite food at school. Her motto 'I am on diet!' After graduating from O.L.C. she wishes to continue her studies at U. of T. — Physiotherapy. But she also wants to be an X-ray technician at New Mount Sinai Hospital in Toronto.



DIANE CHIN — She is a very chic and smiling prefect. Well, Diane's favorite subject is chemistry. If you are in doubt just go to Di to show you chemistry. Good luck to Diane in the future.



ROSEMARY CHIN — Rosemary came to O.L.C. from Guyana in South America. One of her mottos which she has put on her desk — 'Work while you work and play while you play' — accounts for her good grades in class. Though able to sleep while studying is quite amusing, Rosemary enjoys the better part of life at O.L.C. and her pet peeve is Winter. She hopes to attend Ontario University and to do Physiotherapy. Lots of luck Rosy.



KAREN CLARKE — During the school year, Karen spent 8.30 a.m. to 3.30 p.m. attending classes and 3.30 p.m. to 11 p.m. writing to Vernon. Along with her ability to write, she has an ability to talk. Although Karen did not belong to the Debating Club, her talents in this area were not completely wasted as she was quite active on Grade 13 hall. Karen plans to attend Western next year and eventually marry Vernon.



ANGIE CHU — Having spent her final years at O.L.C., dark-haired Hong Kong born 'Angelika' intends to pursue a career in medicine. This lover of all animals, especially cats and dogs, appreciates soft music and enjoys dancing to the latest pop hits. Her favorite was 'Cecelia'. A very conscientious student whose greatest worry throughout the school year was to pass her Eng. examination. Best wishes for the future Angie.



MADELEINE CHUNG — Madeleine is a Chinese girl from Hong Kong. We used to call her "Mad" instead of Madeleine. She came to O.L.C. on the 27th of September, 1969. She is going to take designing next year either in Ontario College of Arts or in Centennial College. Home Economics is the subject she likes most, but it is not offered for the Gr. 13 students in O.L.C. Her favorite hobbies are swimming and sewing. Her ambition is to be a good housewife.



JUDY DONNELLY — Judy was our lovely and gracious May Queen of 1970. She has been the grade 13 class president this year and was the yearbook editor in 1969. Having been in boarding school for several years in England, Judy grabbed the opportunity of living with her family in Whitby and being a day girl at O.L.C. She has mastered many a trip to Mac's on a Monday evening, maintaining a calm, cool air. Although her plans for next year are still undecided, I know that she wants to be happy above all else. I warmly wish you the very best of everything, Judy, — you deserve it.



JO ANNE HOBBS — Jo Anne (No hyphen) Hobbs spent one well-rounded year at O.L.C. She took a dramatically sudden interest in history. The text was apparently co-authored by a gentleman named Farr; she also developed an uncanny passion for the telephone. (Is she an operator in disguise?) And, remarkably, she found time for newspaper work, house sports, and a smattering of school work.



CECILIA LAW — Perhaps we will best remember Ling Kung as a princess at our school formal, but those of us who don't believe in prestige titles as very good credentials, we know her as one of the few individuals who somehow always had a spare smile. We hope she will always be as happy and equally successful.



TERESA LIN — To describe Teresa as my 'House-mate' is more suitable than to describe her as my 'Room-mate'. Being an optimist, co-operative, talkative, and humorous girl, she appears to be happy all the time. She plans to study science in Queen's yet she also has potential ability in doing business. Next year, we might not be together again, so this year's experiences will leave us colorful memories. With best wishes and lots of luck to you, Chatter-box.



MARCELLE MAUGHAN — Uglisha came from Barbados to O.L.C. for Gr. 12 and was accelerated into Gr. 13. She had a busier week than most girls, for besides her day classes, she had Physics two nights a week and Spanish one other night a week. In addition, she was preparing for her Gr. VIII music exam in piano and when she had time, which wasn't often, she attended gym club. Marcelle hopes to attend a university in Canada next year. We wish her the best of luck.



MARY ANNE McCALLUM — 'Freckles' came to O.L.C. in January from "Toronto just outside Woodbridge". Don't let her quietness fool you, you just have to catch her at the right time: and then you wish you hadn't. Although her neck is disjointed her thoughts are quite definite, for she plans to attend Guelph next year. Buena suerte!



IRENE McRAE — Irene came from Kirkland Lake to O.L.C. for her Grade 13. Irene has caused much chaos on the Gr. 13 hall, ripping beds apart and all. Her biggest gripe is that she doesn't get home very often like once every 65 days, so plans weekends at other people's homes. Following her year at O.L.C. Irene intends to go to North Bay Teachers' College. Best of Luck Irene.



JAN PORTER — This is Jan's second year at O.L.C. In these two years Jan has been an enthusiastic member of the Choir and this year she was a member of the S.C.M. Next year Jan hopes to attend U. of T. where she intends to further her studies in Biology. We all wish Jan the best of luck in the future.



YUEN WAH PUN — Paddling like a Donald Duck, Yuen Wah always wears a smile. She hardly gains a pound though she eats butter all the time. She is interested in doing research work and she wants to take statistics in Queen's University. While we are living together we do have a lot of fun. Have a good future!



JAYNE RILEY — Jayne is from Belleville. She's the chief swimming instructor of O.L.C. and I'm sure that everyone appreciated the efforts which her students performed at our May Day. Jayne was also chosen as Queen of our semi-formal and we wish her all the best in the future.



BRENDA ROGERS — Brenda hails from Bramalee and has been at O.L.C. for 3 years. As well as being the Gr. 11 prefect she manages to have time for S.C.M., sports and student council. Next year finds Brenda at Waterloo for arts if she doesn't become an airsick stewardess instead. A 'pat' on the back Brenda for luck and don't press any more new formals.



JANET SMITH — As our head girl this year Janet has occupied the traditional Union Station room, where each day the problems of many frustrated girls are solved. But solving her own are not quite as easy, the droopie electric roller curls, double sprained ankles and Go-train connections, are problems yet to be overcome. Janet's four years at OLC have been productive and we wish her the best at University next year.



DONNA STAPLETON — When not writing her fiance, Philip, Donna was a very studious girl. Frequently her door could be heard slamming when the telephone was not for her. If wedding bells do not ring for her before September Donna will attend Toronto University to take a course in dental hygiene. Best of luck.



ELAINE STEED — Although Steedy has been here at O.L.C. for only a year, she has become known for her conniving to get out on weekends. Besides she seems to find time for sports, swimming and choir. Next year Elaine intends to enter radiology at Toronto General. However as Elaine often changes her mind you just might find her at Parry Sound General! Keep up the Monday morning smiles Elaine.



CAROL THOMSON — This was Carol's first and last year at O.L.C. She has made her mark with her Gr. 9 typing class — quite a feat accomplished. We've all made memories here but the freedom of unsupervised study hall was a bit much last term. So farewell Carol and peace with you at Queen's next year.



WENDY BARCLAY — Experience is the name everyone gives to mistakes! Wendy plans to attend Ontario College of Art next year. Go get 'em.

NORAH McCLINTOCK — Norah is one of the Grade 13 loners on the Grade 12 hall. This year she was involved in curling and folk group. Norah is the founder and editor of OLC's first newspaper, the Percolator. General weekends usually find Norah on the 5.30 train to Montreal.

DENISE SPINELLI — If all the hippies cut off their hair — wigs would be cheaper? Denise hopes to attend York next year. Good Luck.

GRACE WHITFIELD — Grace is one of the many students from the sunny isles of the Bahamas. She is a member of Carter House and her favorite subject is Latin. Grace hopes to return to Canada next year to further her studies and we wish her every success.

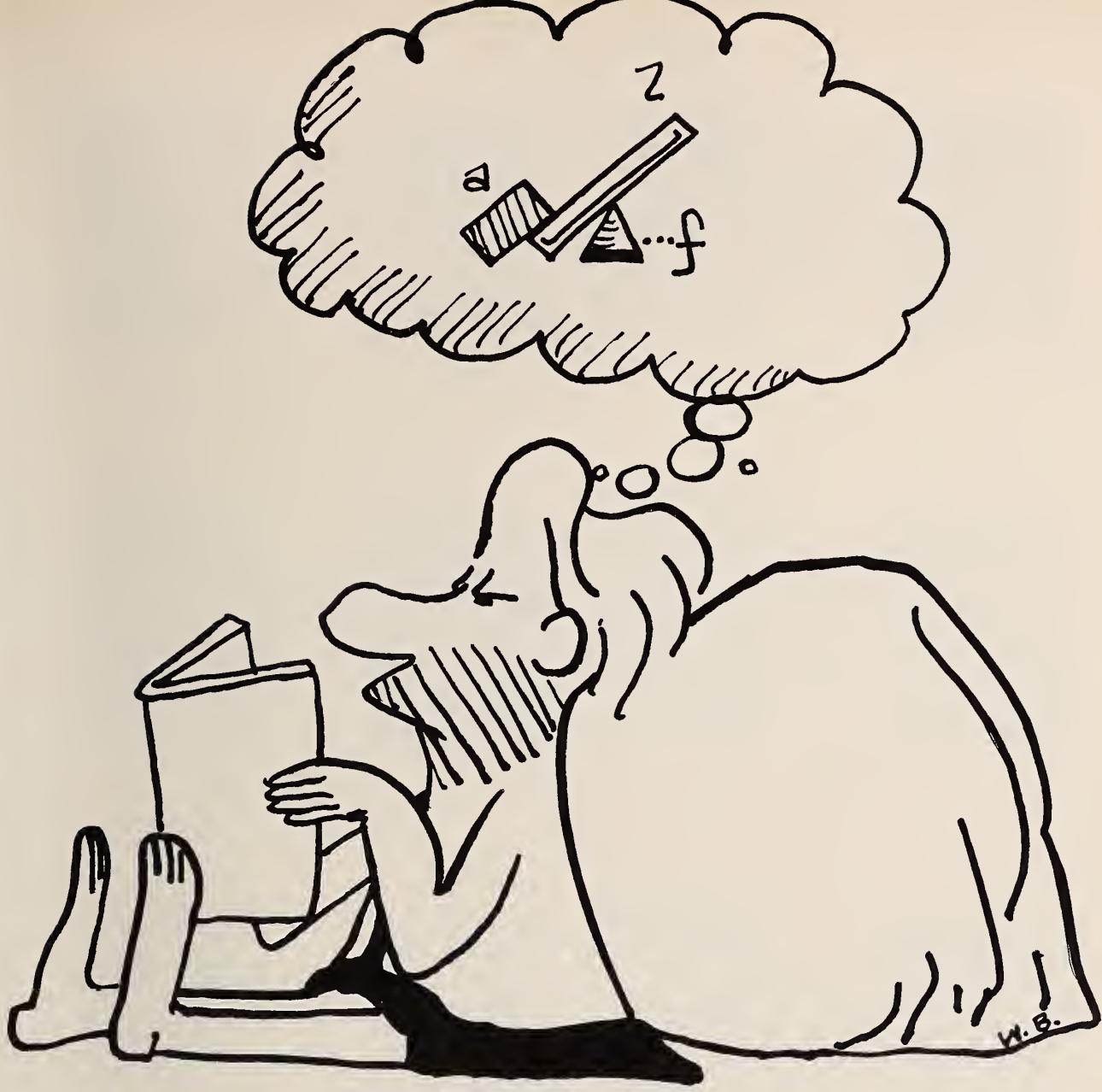


COLLEGE SONG

Dear old Trafalgar
Hear thou our hymn of praise.
Hearts full of love we raise
Proudly to thee.
Thy splendour never falls,
Truth dwells within thy walls,
Thy beauty still entralls,
Dear O.L.C.

Through thee we honour
Truth, virtue, loveliness,
Thy friendships e'er possess
Our constancy.
Thy spirit fills us through
So we'll be ever true
To our dear blue and blue
Of O.L.C.

O! Alma Mater!
How can we from thee part
Thou only hast our heart,
Dearest of schools!
Thy glory we shall see
Wherever we may be,
Still love of O.L.C.
Our future rules.



CLASSES.

GRADE TWELVE



PEGGY ALLEN:
Pet Peeve: People who inquire
about her head socks
Favourite Expression: One of
these davies . . .
Amb: House mistress at Lake-
field



SUE BALLANTINE:
Pet Peeve: People who call her
"Tina"
Favourite Expression: Where
the . . .
Amb: Floor sweeper at Bucking-
ham Palace



BARB BEACH:
Pet Peeve: Frozen thumbs,
cold airs
Favourite Expression: "incon-
sistency"
Amb: Vancouver or bust (or
lack of it)



WENDIE BUCKLEY:
Pet Peeve: 'B.B.'
Favourite Expression: You
thimble brain!!
Amb: to find the right place
at the right time



YAT LING CHOI:
Pet Peeve: That she only gets
43 out of 40 in Chemistry
Favourite Expression: Happy
Motoring
Amb: to go back to China to
become Mrs. Mao Tse-Tung



SUE FORBES:
Pet Peeve: 8:30 p.m. curfew
on weekends
Favourite Expression: You
know . . . it's sorta like
Amb: to have a special mark



ALTAMA FUBLER:
Pet Peeve: People who don't
knock and who leave the door
open
Favourite Expression: Peep-ya-
later
Amb: to reach 100 lbs.



CAROLYN HOPMANS:
Pet Peeve: Smith's hammer
toes
Favourite Expression: Oh
—— I don't know!
Amb: Professional plastic
flower picker



JUDY KISS:
Pet Peeve: Math class
Favourite Expression: Well, back in Hungary
Amb: to be able to read a blue print



BARB KNOWLES:
Pet Peeve: Grease of all kinds
Favourite Expression: Hi ya beautiful
Amb: North to Alaska



CINDA LING:
Pet Peeve: English
Favourite Expression: What do you mean?
Amb: to go to California



DEE MACBRIEN:
Pet Peeve: Lack of Canadian nudist colonies
Favourite Expression: Shalom
Amb: Track and Field



VICKI MCCALLUM:
Pet Peeve: Wednesday night visitors that carry water
Favourite Expression: Oh Fudge!
Amb: to be able to say "The Sun Did It!"



CATHY MCRAE:
Pet Peeve: Letters from Box 84
Favourite Expression: Who has the Lakefield Yearbook?
Amb: to publish a yearbook someday



SUZIE MITTEN:
Pet Peeve: People who say "a little TAB will do ya"
Favourite Expression: Cripes!!
Amb: to be an experienced camper!!



SHIRLEY MONTEIL:
Pet Peeve: Anything white
Favourite Expression: Boné
Amb: Food consultant at the Underground Railway



JUDY MUTCH:
Pet Peeve: Blind dates
Favourite Expression: You
know girl
Amb: Professional delinquent



FRANCES PIDGEON:
Pet Peeve: Mother's unexpected
home-comings
Favourite Expression: Would
you stop that!
Amb: Manager of Sleepy
Hollow



DONNA SMITH:
Pet Peeve: Hopman's fuzzy
head
Favourite Expression: You
know what I mean?
Amb: Private secretary to Dr.
Scholls



DEBBIE WEST:
Pet Peeve: Return flights to
Toronto
Favourite Expression: Tch, I
don't know!
Amb: to be a tailor



SUE WILLIAMS:
Pet Peeve: Bird brain
Favourite Expression:
FRANCES!!!
Amb: Gardener at Peat's Point

GRADE ELEVEN



JOAN ARGUE:
P.P. — Losing the Argue-ment
Amb. — To live in Pakenham
for the rest of her life
P.F. — Moving to Whitby
F.S. — "Help me with my
Math!"
F.P. — Eating Caramilk bars



DOROTHEA BASSETT:
P.P. — 'Ugly Kid'
Amb. — Freedom from the
owl's eyes
P.F. — Dean of an all white
boys' school
F.S. — I'm gonna sock ya right,
left and center
F.P. — Having Ho Downs



FRANCI CARR:

P.P. — Blind dates at Lakefield
Amb. — To get to the Prince's
birthday party
P.F. — Having to go to Sudbury
again
F.S. — "Don't be rood"



LESLIE CARD:

P.P. — Hippies
Amb. — To meet Mr. Straight
F.S. — I'm going to fail
F.P. — Asking questions



JAN CHRISTIE:

P.P. — Cufflinks
Amb. — Nurse
P.F. — Return to OLC as a
qualified yellow pill dispenser
F.S. — "Ohh . . ."
F.P. — Early morning walks



NANCI COLTAS:

P.P. — Sleeping
Amb. — To know all the Whitby
boys
P.F. — Chronic hyperbolator
F.S. — "Last one outside is a
dirty rotten egg"
F.P. — Going downtown



DONNA DOWDELL:

P.P. — Insomnia
Amb. — To be able to sleep
for a full 12 hours
P.F. — Modeling rubber boots
at Box Grove Fair
F.S. — Quit asking questions.



PAT HUNTER:

P.P. — English essays
Amb. — Veterinarian
P.F. — Return to OLC for any
excuse
F.S. — "Hello Beautiful"
F.P. — Appointment with
Establishment



GAIL JAMES:

P.P. — Squish
Amb. — English major
P.F. — Professional pitcher for
Maple
F.S. — "Jan, cut it out!"
F.P. — Staying up all night
strumming her guitar while
studying her English



LORNA JOHNSTON:

P.P. — "Lorna J. used to hang
out at Cherry Hill Park"
Amb. — To be blonde again
P.F. — Living common-law
F.S. — "I can't see"
F.P. — Dyeing her hair



RAE ANNE KLEVEN:
P.P. — Lindsay
Amb. — Air stewardess
P.F. — Wife to a 'laundry' mat
manager
F.S. — "Someday we'll be
together"
F.P. — Listening to Led
Zeppelin



PAMELA LAPSLY:
P.P. — Hey Miss Pamela
Amb. — Get more clothes from
her granny
P.F. — Walking up the OLC
stairs 100 times
F.S. — "Madame"
F.P. — Lying around in a sexy
negligee



ELAINE MCKERROW:
P.P. — Losing an argument with
Dusty
Amb. — To get a higher mark
in physiques?
P.F. — Head of Whitby Narc.
Department
F.S. — "Alright who did it?"
F.P. — Arguing with Dusty



MARYLYNN MENTIS:
P.P. — Booked flights to
Sudbury
Amb. — Miss G.F.S.S.
P.F. — Director in Hollywood
F.S. — ohh ff
F.P. — Eating



LYNDA MERCER:
P.P. — Boats going to Europe
Amb. — To take the next boat
to Europe
P.F. — Getting arrested for
indecent exposure
F.P. — Going home for the
weekend
F.S. — "Hey Mrs. Gadke I don't
understand this . . ."



SALLIE O'MURA:
P.P. — OLC
Amb. — To marry a certain
gentleman named Mike
P.F. — Trying to raise her ten
kids
F.S. — "Going out at break?"
F.P. — Getting out at 3:30



TANYA SELF:
P.P. — Curly hair
Amb. — To get her hair straight
P.F. — Shaving her head
F.P. — Brushing her teeth
F.S. — "Has anyone seen my
dental floss?"



CATHIE TURNER:
P.P. — People who swallow live
goldfish
Amb. — To get to Vancouver
P.F. — Spending the summer
in Timmins
F.S. — "Today is definitely
a Vancouver-Day"



CHERYL WONG:
P.P. — Getting bad marks
Amb. — Learning to use white
sticks
P.F. — Meeting a Canadian boy
F.S. — I really have to lose
weight
F.P. — Collecting recipes from
Home Ec.

GRADE TEN



HEATHER BEARE:
Hare, choir, drama, S.C.M.
Farmer Annie strikes again.



BARB BELL:
Maxwell, folkgroup, drama,
yearbook, Student Council.
When she's not busy being a
dirty hippie, she's the Gr. 10
Latin expert.



NANCY FITZPATRICK:
Hare, folkgroup, S.C.M.
The great dog trainer (dog as
in animal, not human).



SUE GRAHAM:
Maxwell.
Known for her opera perfor-
mances throughout the school
day.



DIANNE GWODZ:
Farewell, day student.
The only living "Instant replay
of "Hockey Night in Canada".



JOANNE HOSKINS:
Hare, folkgroup.
She manages to keep both
Dave and Herman happy at
the same time in the same
place.



LESLEY JOHNSTON:
Hare.
The only girl who begins her
math notes, "Dear"



VASHTI LATCHU:
Carter, gymnastics, choir,
S.C.M.
The meatless wonder yoga
expert.



PEGGY LEE:
Maxwell.
Gr. 10's vision of "Truth,
Virtue, and Loveliness"???



BARB MACLEAN:
Carter.
She's continually getting
burned.



SHELLEY SCHWEIKOFLER:
Maxwell, choir, day student.
A future Austrian Ambassador
to Canada.



KAREN WEIS:
Hare, choir.
"The Torch Bearer."



PAT ARMITAGE:
You should know that two in
the tub can be a ball.



JO-ANNE BARCLAY:
One day Jo-Anne went to
Nature — and she has been
living there ever since.

GRADE NINE



DIXIE DELEHUNT:
How am I going to get home in
this condition?



SHAUNA DOYLE:
Swear on the Bible?



HEATHER DUNNETT:
My head, my knee, my ankle,
— where would I be without
them?



LESLEY EADIE:
The world would go by and
Lesley wouldn't even wave.



SUE EDEN:
Sue is known for her trips
into spaced-out places.



ROSS FAIRTY:
We tried and tried, but Ross's
saying is still censored.



LANEY HALL:
Sorry Laney — but quietness
isn't always a virtue.



CAROL HAWKINS:
There always seems to be
something new on Carol when
she comes in from her daily
walk.



CATHY HETU:
It's nothing that good soap
and water won't clear up.



ANNE JUNJEK:
And where should I go from
here?
That depends a good deal on
where I want to go.



LINDA LEHMEN:
Popularly referred to as having
"verbal diarrhoea in debating".



TERRI LEVERTON:
She lives up at the Dean's - .



LESLEY MCFARLANE:
Les — be sure and tell us when
your book is hot off the press.



CATHY MCLAUGHLIN:
I'm so tired, I don't know what
to do.



MERRILYNN MITTEN:
Merrilynn is our great 'Newfie'
freak. (?)



ANDREA NOELL:
Cough drops, cough drops
everywhere and Andy's not
there to catch them.



HARRIET RANTOUL:
Harry plans to start using
nutriment' this summer.



DONNA WEST:
Puppy's her name now but give
her 5 years and she'll be some-
thing else.

GRADE EIGHT



BETSY BARNES:
F.S. — No way, honey
P.P. — Ugh
Nickname - Spock



MELISSA CAMPBELL:
F.S. — I don't understand!
P.P. — People who suck their
thumb
Nickname — "Assilem"



ROSEMARY DOCKSTADER:
F.S. — I'm going to kill you
P.P. — People who act con-
ceited
Nickname — Ducky



ASTRID HERKENBERG:
F.S. — You twit!
P.P. — People who barge in
without knocking



SANDY RICHES:
F.S. — Oh come on you guys
P.P. — Being skinny
Nickname — Lucy Love



MARGY SMITH:
F.S. — Get Out!!
P.P. — Being corrected
Nickname — Stooge



CHERYL WARSKAWSKI:
F.S. — Oye fal
P.P. — Hair straightener
Nickname — Little Orphan
Annie



SUE WEIR:
F.S. — No . . . but . . .
P.P. — 'Needles'
Nickname — Pooh



LINDA WEST:
F.S. — You're not with it!
P.P. — People who slobber
Nickname — I.T.

GRADE SEVEN



KATHY BOUSFIELD:
F.S. — But I do like it here
P.P. — People who are dumb



JOAN BROKMEIER:
F.S. — Oh how cold it is
P.P. — People who get up at
3:30 in the morning
Nickname — BROOKMIER



KELLY GOOD:
F.S. — Get Out!
P.P. — Study hall
Nickname — Lambchops



CATHY HORNER:
F.S. — Walri
P.P. — Having to conform
Nickname — "Little Horner"



HONOR JOHNSON:
F.S. — How Grotesque!
P.P. — Math
Nickname — Honor the
honorable onion



JOCELYN LUCK:
F.S. — Oh dear!!!
P.P. — Someone who's false!!!



ANA MARTINS:
F.S. — Shut the door!
P.P. — Snobs
Nickname — Chekhov



DEBBIE MAW:
F.S. — Oh how disgusting and
disrespectful
P.P. — Unfinished homework
Nickname — "Mamphs"



PAT WARREN:
F.S. — "Sweat hog"
P.P. — Unable to marry her eye
doctor
Nickname — "Bones"





Special Events.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS

by Mary McWhir

"Without shadow things would seem unreal, unbreathing, as figures in a dream — flat, unrelieved tapestry on the walls of the world. With it come reality and rounded loveliness."

When I read this line I began to see Commencement as much more than just the end of one way of life and the beginning of a new one. I began to see it as a time apart from both — a moment by itself. It is as though we stand still for a moment and look back — not on fading memories, but on real and vivid experiences. For we are looking at a shadow, and in it we see perfection that we have not seen before. In an essay entitled "The Beauty of Shadow", Mary Webb writes; "The slightly blurred colours of the reflection, water-shadows — are more vivid than reality."

And so we look back on many memories. But tonight uninvolved by daily routines, we see situations with new understandings; in the haze of reflection, we see beauty that does not exist in the dazzling colours of reality.

My dearest memory of OLC is of friendship. Perhaps as a result of our dependence on one another, we have all made long and lasting friendships here. I think, however that they are also a result of the peculiar and strangely distinctive sense of humour which we all manage to cultivate at OLC. For example (and there are many) most people wouldn't laugh over the simple statement, "we must not Robb our generation"; and most people seldom postulate, nor use words such as OLIYG! And too, there are the more tangible things that unite us. Will we ever forget how proud we felt on Open-House; or the night Farewell won the Play Festival in Whitby; or the night the choir sang in Toronto; or how well the staff took to certain faculty alterations on April Fool's? Shall we ever forget running around the Heart; the intricate blind date systems before dances, or the night OLC ordered 120 — chickens?! (To be delivered COD).

These are memories that will go on from here tonight, for the friendships that we take with us are based on experiences such as these, that we shall never forget.

Another memory that I shall always retain is of what OLC stands for. As a small, all-girls school, OLC is unique. It is also an old school with an interesting history, and many of the events here are based on traditions as old as the school itself. Yet it is all these things that make OLC what it is, and that give it a certain dignity that makes our motto "Veritas, Virtus, Venustas", mean something important.

As valedictorian it is one of my duties to say good-bye. This is not an unpleasant task, for as graduates we are ready to go on. OLC has prepared us in many ways, and now we should be glad to leave, for so much awaits us. We live in an exciting time in history, a time when we as individuals will be called upon as never before to have opinions, to make decisions, to be committed. We are thrust into a vast entanglement of causes, of protests, into a situation where we see the very structure upon which we have depended, destroyed. And yet, it is also a time when there is no limit to what we can do, if we really want to. An enormous challenge faces each one of us, but we are ready now — and eager, to meet the challenge.

As graduates, the school is no longer ours the way it once was. Tonight we have stolen a moment in time, which can never be ours again, for tonight we are here as part of the school for the last time. Yet as we look back on the shadow of our high school years, we cannot help but feel content. Just as the shadow brings colour and meaning to the past, so it brings comfort to the future. What we have done at OLC is part of us now, and the shadow of it will follow us wherever we go. It will go with us through joys, sadnesses, successes, and failures. It will be with us.

The following lines are taken from an old romance;

"They seated themselves under the shade of this white thorn, and took their solace."

COMMENCEMENT

The day had finally arrived when the graduates returned for the last time, to take part in a very special event, OLC's Commencement.

Dr. Davis presented the diplomas to the grade twelve and thirteen graduates. Miss Gwynn Griffith addressed the graduates, and Mary McWhir spoke on behalf of all those who received diplomas. Scholarships, medals and gifts were awarded to students active in various fields.

Commencement was a time of reminiscence for all the graduating class and the attending OLC girls. Even though they have gone, OLC will remember the Class of 1969 for their contribution to the school.



STRATFORD

September 20th saw our Burley Bus barreling off toward Stratford faster than a speeding licorice and we were all looking forward to seeing Hamlet and any other male figures that we could list as our dramatic history.

When we rolled in we were amazed to meet — no one from Ridley, no one from Lakefield or Trin-trin but — !! Mr. Stanfield? Well, apart from his exciting presence we were all surprised to see that our seats — after years of patient waiting — were orchestra. The play was terrific — needless to say — that's par for the course at this theatre and Mr. Stanfield lost his limelight when the acting started. The highlights of the production were Hamlet's antics during and after the play, and the events so popular to Shakespeare fans.

We ended the afternoon in the traditional church for dinner, ate heartily and then raced back for good seats to sing our super-bus back home. It was a day to fill us full of happy memories.

HOUSE PLAYS



Hollywood has its Oscars, Montreal has its Meritas and OLC not to be outdone, also has a Drama Festival. This year the 24th and 25th of October marked the culmination of many weeks' work on the part of all Houses. At this Festival the whole school watched some of OLC's most celebrated talent evolve.

The plays, which were of extremely high calibre, offered entertainment for all tastes, from Carter House, the classic "Women in Council" and Hare House's thriller "The Pen of My Aunt", to a more contemporary play "Twentieth Century Lullabye" produced by Maxwell House and, of course, the all time favorite produced by Farewell House "The Bear".

As can be expected when such a large number of performers are brought together the competition for awards was keen. The prize for Best Actress was shared by Dee MacBrien and Marylynn Mentis who co-starred in "The Bear". Awards for Best Supporting Actress went to Marcelle Maughan of Farewell, Donna Dowdell and Peggy Allen of Maxwell and Franci Carr of Hare.

Shelley Ledger of Maxwell captured the Best Director Award and her play also won the award for Best Set. Although Farewell won the Prize for the Best Play, all the Houses deserved to be commended for their terrific efforts.

Once again OLC proved itself to be the hotbed of talent!



DEBATES

THE LADIES OR THE TIGERS?

On an autumn morning the message came,
Ridley's asked us to play the 'debating game'.
To pass up this chance would be a crime,
Let's start a society, we've got the time.
Dee, Peggy and Joan, three brave little lambs
Were sent to the slaughter at gentlemen's hands!?
Returning home having lost and yet won
We settled right down to see what was to be done.
We patched up our egos, our style and our pride
And took our next challenge right in our stride.
Books were all open and candles burned late,
As all prepared for the Ridley Debate.
The days passed too quickly, the hour grew near,
We checked over facts and trembled with fear.
When all was over and the judgement given
We received the victory for which we'd striven.

Peggy Allen

WINTER CARNIVAL

As usual OLC's Winter Carnival was a fun filled, action-packed, exciting episode in good clean fun, especially for Carter House, who placed first with 41 points.

Our Winter Carnival started off rather uniquely with all the girls coming down the various fire escapes half dressed! Everyone participated in the scavenger hunt, snow sculpturing, (which testified to OLC's artistic talents), relay races, and other exhausting games. We trudged back to school where we warmed ourselves with steaming hot chocolate and where Pat Hunter's parents treated us with two large cakes; but the fun didn't stop there. Donuts covered in molasses were strung on a string and we were challenged by Mrs. Halliday to try to eat the donuts with our hands behind our backs. There were a lot of sticky faces that day! There were also a lot of happy people who just can't wait for next year's Winter Carnival — OLC style.

May Day



Wendy Barclay, Judy Donnelly, Donna Stapleton.

* * * * *

May Day was a smashing success despite the rain and the inconvenience of holding the ceremonies inside. The show went on almost as planned, some acts were shorter and smaller, some were a little less steady than usual but every girl did her best to pay just tribute to Judy Donnelly and her princesses, Wendy Barclay and Donna Stapleton.

Grade Twelve heroically proved that neither rain nor mud, nor dark of day can deter the Maypole Dance.

Jean Parker of the United Church of Canada was our guest speaker. Her address was out of this world.

MAY QUEEN AND HER COURT



HOOPS



SCHOOL DANCES

I would say that this year we were quite successful in this field of entertainment. We got the season off with a bang with our TCS exchange and we heralded the visitors with gigantic pumpkins.

The next dance on the calendar was a Junior affair with Lakefield. Report of this one could only be delivered with a great deal of censorship, but, as usual everyone had a good time and all were left in anticipation of a return dance.

Our next big dance was one worthy of particular note, our Semi-Formal. I would like to take this opportunity to extend our appreciation to Wendy Barclay who handled the technical arrangements, decorating and the band. The Ming Dynasty was — loud may I say? Downtown Whitby must have enjoyed them. Jayne Riley was our queen and Barb Knowles and Donna Stapleton sat close at her side.

Following this in January, we all got a chance to go shopping, for a Formal escort in a form of a dance-debate at Lakefield. The seniors fully enjoyed the evening — what else could they do with a double victory. We won the debate and well, an awful lot of Lakefield boys were attending the Formal.

In March we somehow scrounged the required 25 girls for a skate-dance at Appleby. It was a great night, but the gentlemen involved decided to leave it at that.

The Formal attacked us on April 11 and "Eli" took care of us to the theme of "Through the Looking Glass". Debbie West ascended to the throne and Suzie Mitten with Cecelia Law were her princesses.

During the year some of us made it to other exchange dances — with blind dates or otherwise and I understand they turned out pretty well — or otherwise. At one dance 6 out of 6 flopped, at another 11 out of 12 worked out. The effect they had on public relations with our brother boarding schools remains to be seen next year.

I hope the future proves as successful as the past and it is my most sincere hope that we never have as much trouble getting girls to go as I have seen in 1969-1970.

L
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Y



THE DANDELION

Like a burning sun
The dandelion,
Bursts forth an energetic flow
Of golden yellow.
Covering the acres with gold stars
On green velvet.
But it isn't long before
The individual closes its lustre
To the evening sun
And lies asleep.

When time has elapsed,
And the star has gone;
The premature death sets in.
But the celestial body
Refuses to die.
For awhile it's at rest,
But soon shows life,
Not as before,
As the luminous body;
But soft and grey
Like moon dust.

Now in the winter of its life,
The dandelion;
Disperses bit by bit
Floating afar,
Light years from its
Demolished satellite.

Lynda Mercer

THE CARNIVAL

The bright coloured lights shattered the dark
They contrast the mood of a once silent park,
Round go the memories, round go the names,
Round go the daydreams, round go the games.
You pay for admittance, you pay for the rides
The freak will amaze you so step right inside.
Step right up, the show will begin,
Place your bet on the table you're likely to win.
The ferris wheel turns at the end of the ride
You're dizzy, confused and feel all sick inside.
You've tasted the taffy and candy and treats.
Your stomach's upset and you're tired of sweets.
Your eyes become prisms from colour and light
You turn from the brightness for shield from the sight.
You walk from the scene, the lights fade to dark
Once more you are left in your own silent park.

Peggy Allen

THE SEA

The sea, blue and calm as carefree as the wind,
Lies around us everywhere.
When, when will we be as carefree as the sea?
Are we like the waves
Rolling on the sand and breaking with no future whatsoever?
Oh! How wonderful it would be to be like the sea which lives forever.
With so many secrets hidden beneath its glassy surface,
Secrets of the past, the present and maybe the future.
Never, never will we know those hidden secrets.
But let us try to be as carefree and long loving as the beautiful blue sea.

Cheryl Wong

ON EYEBROWS I BROWSE

Consider the eyebrow! That comely arch that serves as a sort of unoffensive punctuation to the eye. Where would any self-respecting eye be without that dramatic curve of hair that can boast such diverse dimensions? I'm not speaking of the "eyebrow" — that stereotype toss-up between a new moon and a horizontal question mark, but of the "eyebrow!" as an individual without which no personality is complete.

Eyebrows, like dogs, come in a cavalcade of sizes, textures, colours and — yes, temperaments. An Irish setter with a poor point is in the same category as the eyebrow that insists on angling in the direction of the hair-line instead of jutting toward the ear. The performing French poodle that needs constant attention is like the well-bred eyebrow that demands its rightful grooming.

The 'perfect' eyebrow is just barely within our group. It is the aforementioned stereotype variety and usually brown. I believe that these flawless forms denote an owner enjoying patience, kindness, stability, a sense of humour, organization, self confidence and above all many hours over a mirror armed with tweezers.

One of the most exciting things about eyebrows is their spirit of religious unco-operation because it's certainly not malicious or vindictive defiance. It's just a by-the-way emergence at the surface of the few slender hairs that can be pulled out so easily. Eyebrows do serve quite adequately in the process of character analysis. Like the voluptuous blonde who seems to be having a vast deal more fun — look at her eyebrows — wispy? thin? blonde? you may be assured that this female has been graced with a thin, wishy-washy, wispy sort of personality but are they brunette? prominent? This girl's personality should be delved into just as far as her scalp to the darker beginnings! A kind, fat gentleman with friendly eyes is totally uncovered by the sinister forests over his eyes. One can immediately recognize him as an income-tax evader who has spent many eyebrow knit hours scheming.

The buck-toothed, rheumy-eyed mongoloid with the speech impediment is so obviously a scientist by hobby and nature because his eyebrows are worn down from his telescopic and microscopic studies no doubt. Take the conventional 'Bubbeh' or Grandmother figure — always laughing and handing out home-made cookies and candies but — well, this woman is a hard and shrewd character. It's written all over her forehead in the shape of her you-know-whats. They're lop-sided! This is the result of hours of coy, cruel eyebrow raising. As long as one recognizes the signs, one is quite secure against mis-constructing the real nature of some people.

And eyebrows are so truly eloquent. Just think of how they jump up when they're surprised, or converge together at the bridge of the nose when they're perturbed or how they contort themselves when they're distressed and how they calmly arch up in moments of happiness.

In the light of all this, I honestly don't understand why they have not been given a more prominent role in our society, in literature and films for example. What we need are books like 'Lady Chatterly's Eyebrow' or 'The Eyebrow of Casterbridge' and in the cinema: 'Midnight Eyebrow' and 'Oedipus Eyebrow' and think of the music world! Beethoven's 9th Eyebrow and for the holiday season 'O Holy Eyebrow'

Of course I can't expect you to accept my views. I was a little dubious at first, but then, who was I to question an eyebrow?

To conclude I would just like to refer to a statement by Victor Hugo as he actually should have said it; "When a woman is speaking to you, listen to what she says with her eyebrows."

D. MacBrien

HOLY ROLLERS

Hair rollers are the curse of womankind. They are a detriment not an asset to cosmetic beauty. Have you ever seen a woman who looked attractive in them?

These diabolical devices are available in a variety of shapes and sizes. All are designed for maximum discomfort and minimum performance. There are brush rollers, which are cylinders of barbed wire, designed to mat themselves into the victim's head. There are sponge rollers, which are soft to sleep on but maintain moisture so effectively that one's hair is like wilted lettuce in the morning. There are magnetic and velcro rollers, members of the so-called, stick-to-your-head-with-no-pins variety. Actually at the earliest opportunity they disengage themselves and leave the hair stranded with nothing more than a few lopsided ruffles on one's crown. There are the vicious electric rollers, traps designed to curl hair in five to ten minutes. They are so dedicated that they refuse to come undone until one's head is a ball of sizzled fluff.

There are many sizes of rollers, the most common being small, medium and large. Large ones produce a light puff which disappears in several minutes, medium rollers produce loose curls which desert their post after an hour or two. The deadly small rollers wind one's hair into a permanent mass of upright springy coils which give the victim the semblance of a cross-section between Shirley Temple and Janice Joplin.

Once the hair is washed and is straightened you are ready to begin your arduous task of putting in your rollers. After several hours of stress, strain and frustration you become a proud member of the 'roller set'. Now you have a choice of methods for drying. You can spend a sleepless night, stick your wet head out of a window and endanger your health, your image, and your neighbour's sanity or, you can stuff your head into a plastic bag attached to a hose which sends waves of hot air into the bag, into your ears, your rollers and hair. The heated rollers proceed to burn your scalp.

Any sensible person after pondering these choices would attempt suicide, but the brave members of the 'hairspray generation' fear NOTHING. Years of hair curling have made them numb to all pain and logical reasoning. Womankind is so preoccupied with contorting her hair into bizarre shapes that she has failed to see the virtues of natural ringlets.

Life would be less complicated and more economical without rollers. Whoever heard of a fuse being blown by a woman drying her hair, or someone losing sleep because there were no rollers sticking into her scalp.

Women of the world unite! Let us create a society free of hateful rollers.

P. Allen

SNOWFLAKES

So much depends
upon
frosty snowflakes
floating down to
dark lashes
melting into
tears.

F. Carr

So much depends
upon
the cool refresh-
ing rain
running down the
closed window
to form a puddle
on the sill.

J. Mutch

So much depends
upon
A hole in the
roof
On a starless
night
When the rain
falls.

B. Beach

MUCH DEPENDS

UPON

So much depends
upon
musty, dusty books
their worn pages
admitting us
into our own favourite
world.

F. Carr

So much depends
upon
A school bell
Echoing through
hallways
Piercing a stoic
silence.

C. Turner

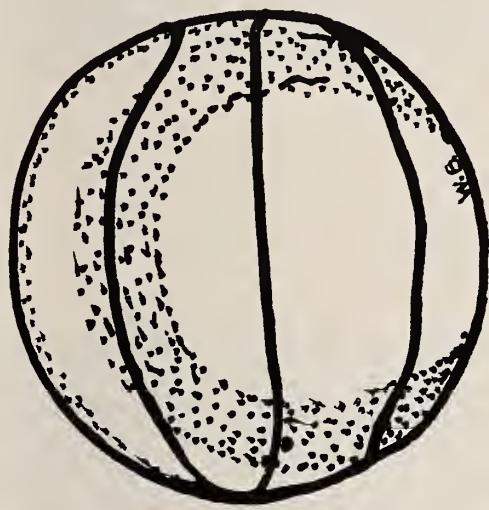
So much depends
upon
The small black
ants
Marching together
in line
With their bits of
green leaves.

N. Coltas

So much depends
upon
A blade of thin
grass
lost
In the midst of
thrown litter.

So much depends
upon
A beam of light
thrown
By a flashlight
on
A dark night in the
woods.

ORGANIC



STUDENT COUNCIL



BACK: C. McRae, V. McCallum, S. Williams, B. Bell, B. Beach, P. Allen, J. Mutch. MIDDLE: L. West, J. Donnelly, J. Barclay, Mrs. Perry, Dr. Davis, D. McBrien, L. Mercer, B. Rogers. FRONT: D. Chin, W. Barclay, J. Smith, W. Buckley, S. Mitten.

DEBATING SOCIETY



BACK: W. Buckley, C. McRae, H. Johnson, L. Lehman, N. Coltas, J. Smith, R. Dockstader, S. Weir, S. Mitten. FRONT: C. Hopmans, P. Allen, J. Bowden, B. Beach, D. McBrien.

REPRESENTATIVES AND PREFECTS



STANDING: B. Rogers, D. Chin, W. Barclay, J. Smith, W. Buckley, S. Mitten. FRONT: C. McRae, V. McCallum, B. Beach.

NEWSPAPER



STANDING: W. Barclay, C. McRae, D. McBrien. FRONT: J. Hobbs, N. McClintock, M. Mentis.

STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT



BACK: J. Kiss, F. Pidgeon, J. Barclay, D. McBrien, G. James, P. Allen, L. Lehman, C. McRae, S. Mitten. MIDDLE: D. Dowdell, S. Williams, M. Mitten, B. Knowles, C. Hopmans, L. West, H. Beare, N. Fitzpatrick, A. Martins, D. Smith. STANDING: S. Monteil, P. Lapsley, V. Latchu, W. Barclay, P. Warren, R. Dockstader, T. Lin, J. Porter, E. Steed. SITTING: Mrs. Saunders, Y. Choi, V. McCallum, W. Buckley.



Our two foster children in
Ecuador and Korea, senior citizens
in Whitby, orphans in Whitby,
children in all parts of the world;
all were made a little happier
through the efforts of the S.C.M.
I hope that all members of the
S.C.M. are a little happier too, for
they well deserve to be.

Thank you,
Vicki M.



FOLK GROUP



BACK: E. Steed, L. Lehman, N. Fitzpatrick, V. McCallum, W. Buckley, S. Mitten, B. Bell, C. McRae. MIDDLE: D. Dowdell, C. Wong, L. Card, P. Warren, H. Rantoul, L. Macfarlane, J. Hoskins, C. McLaughlin, M. Mitten, N. McClintock, J. Smith. FRONT: M. Mantis, G. James, F. Carr, D. MacBrien.

CHOIR



TOP: L. West, S. Weir, C. Warshawski, M. Smith. MIDDLE: H. Johnson, J. Barclay, L. Card, J. Bowden, V. McCallum, E. Steed, J. Porter, C. McLaughlin, K. Weis, H. Beare. STANDING: S. Williams, S. Shweigkofler, P. Lapsley, P. Warren, C. Hetu, V. Latchu, M. Mantis, J. Luck, C. Bousfield. FRONT: S. O'Mura, L. Lehman, Dr. Davis, P. Hunter, P. Allen.

DRAMATICS



ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION



Sue Williams, Peggy Allen, Barb Beach, Dee MacBrien, Judy Mutch.

This school exists as a form, as a mold, a body and each girl has a part in creating its soul. Each girl in her own way gives to its breath and life. While you wander through these pages memories of your year at OLC are brought back.

When I look on the year I think of Dee, Judy, Sue and Peggy who all gave their best to their Houses. I could never have done my job without their help.

Tears and fears and feeling proud
To say "We love you" right out loud.
Dreams and schemes and weekend leaves
We've viewed our school that way.
And now we all are looking strange
We've lived, laughed and somehow changed
Yes something's lost and something's gained
In living here every day.

We've seen this school from both sides now
From give and take and still somehow,
It's people here that we'll recall,
We'll really miss it after all.

To each one of you who helped give OLC its life and breath thank you for remembering.
"It's not whether you win or lose but how you play the game."

Barb Beach

CARTER



Well, my friends, another year is drawing to a close. It has been a good year, especially for me because I have had the privilege of being your House Captain and without your help, I wouldn't have been able to make it. At this point, I would like to give a special thanks to all the old girls and the other House Captains, who helped a 'new girl' fit into the role of a House Captain.

To those who participated in the various activities and still kept bouncing back when we were down, I thank you all from the bottom of my heart.

And last but not least, I really want to give a big thanks to Barb Knowles, our sub-captain. When I wasn't able to attend to something personally, I could always rest peacefully knowing that Barb was there ready to take over.

Yes, it's been a good year and somehow I regret seeing it come to an end, but all good things must end.

Love,

Judy

FAREWELL



Dear Tribe,

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times"

Well Farewell, we did it again! What we did I'm not sure but we certainly did something.

The Juniors served well in volleyball, the Seniors are going to 'Charge' the Basketball Trophy. Our financial success in October was really bizarre and as we all know "the House that plays together" does alright as soon as it finds a play. A special note of 'thanks' is here extended to the juniors who got full House points and co-operated so well all year. I'm afraid I've nothing to say to those who were otherwise.

I've loved my 'job' and I'm proud to serve under the green tie. However, I'm going to try to legalize the mysterious green ties with the red stripes.

Thanks for bearing with me — especially you Gail, you did a wonderful job soliciting the crowd that lined up on the bench.

I wish you all 'Mazel Tov' and full House points.

Quoth the captain — Evermore
Shalom

HARE



H ousepoints, lines, bazaars and plays,
A ll made up our happy days.
R eliable were our lines impossibly lean,
E nergetic and mighty were our teams.

H armonious was our spirit and hope,
O ur enthusiasm always helped us to cope,
U ntil the task was done to perfection
S ub-captain Carolyn faithfully helped without neglection,
E verlasting memories there will be.

Thanks a million,
Love,
Sue

MAXWELL



"The time has come," the walrus said,
"To talk of many things.
Of lines and games and House-points
And the memories a school year brings."

I'd like to thank all the girls who have proudly worn 'imaginary blue shoelaces' this year. (Dving for a cause has never been my strong point!!?)

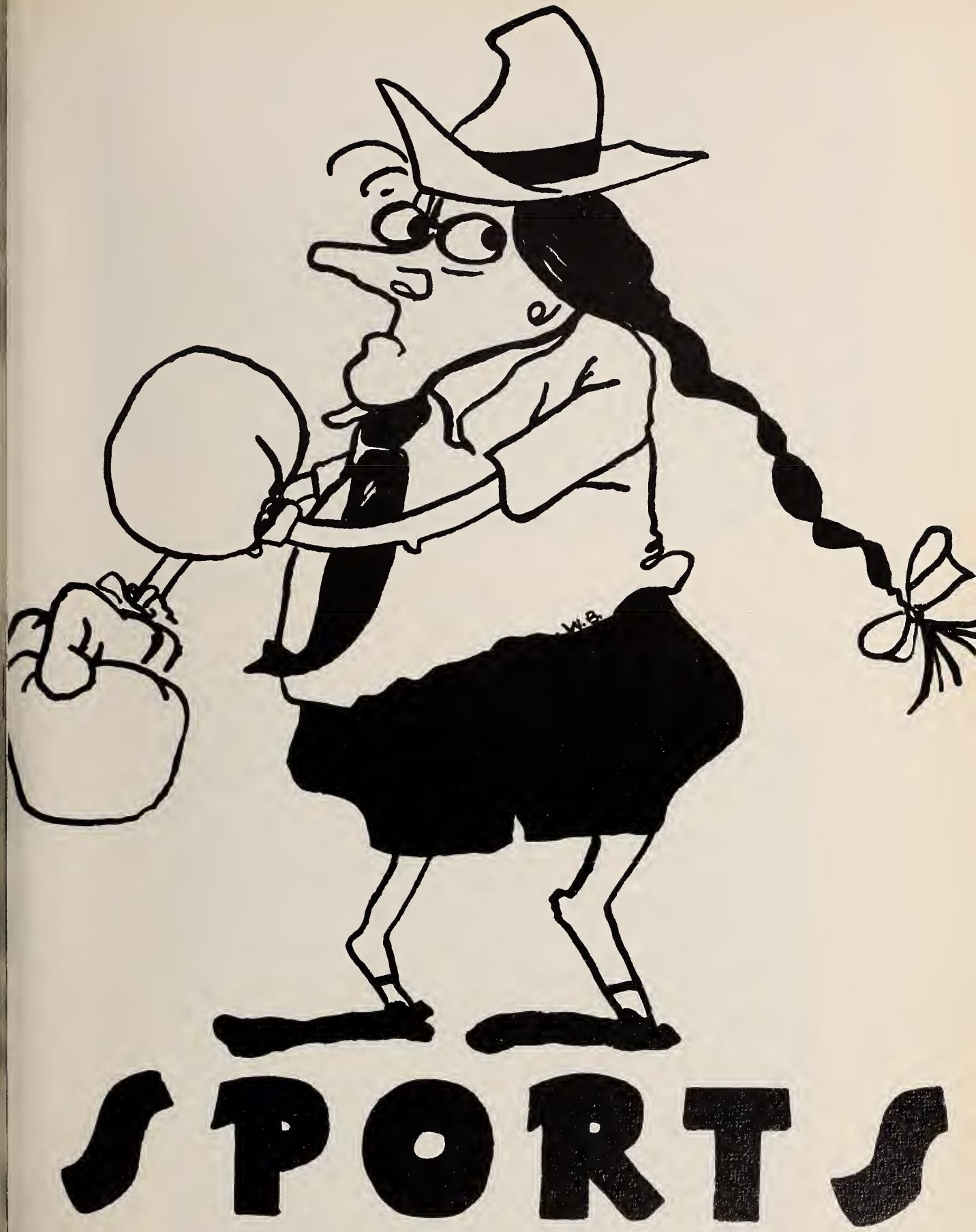
This year has been 'meshigana' but it's been real! We haven't always had the straightest line or the best team, but we've worked together and that is what has been most rewarding.

Wishing you all the best,

Love,

Peggy







SENIOR: A. Fubler, T. Self, C. Wong, S. Monteil, L. Card, C. Thompson, J. Mutch, W. Buckley, B. Knowles.

CARTER:

JUNIOR: D. West, C. Bousefield, S. Eden, C. Hetu, A. Noell, B. McLean, M. Smith

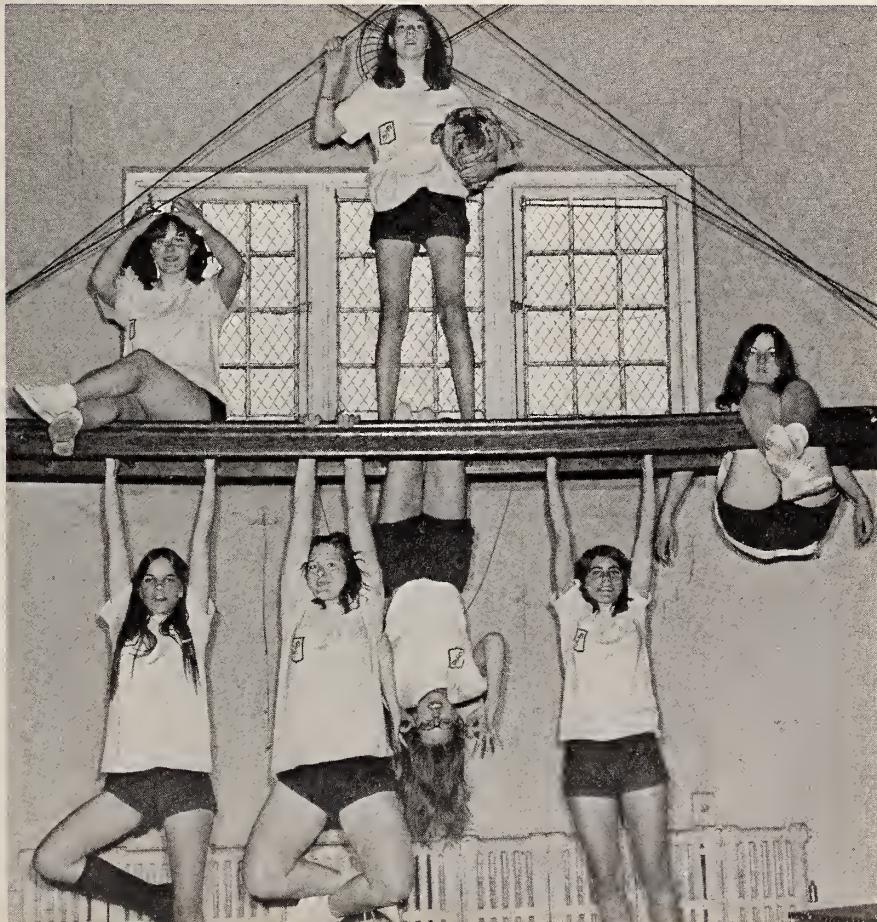




SENIOR: J. Argue, M. Maughan, V. McCallum, D. McBrien, G. James, D. Stapleton, I. McRae, D. Spinelli. **SITTING:** M. Mentis, S. Mitten, C. Turner.

FAREWELL:

JUNIOR: C. McLaughlin, L. Lehman, L. Eadie. **BOTTOM:** H. Dunnett, S. Weir, L. West, R. Fairty.





SENIOR: TOP: E. Steed, F. Carr, L. Mercer, C. Hopmans. STANDING: J. Porter, S. Williams, J. Christie. SITTING: B. Rogers, P. Hunter.

HARE:

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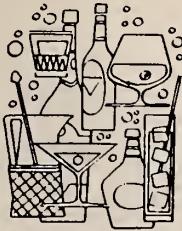
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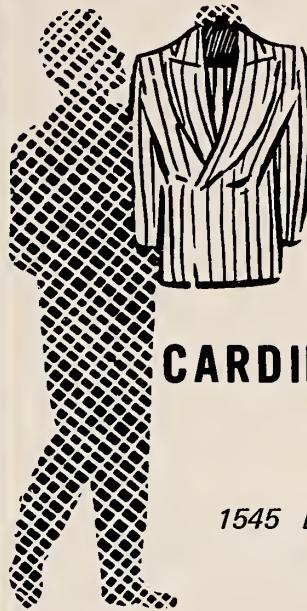
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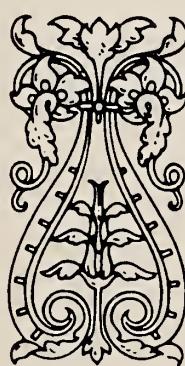
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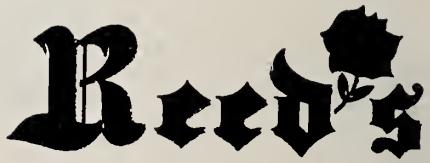
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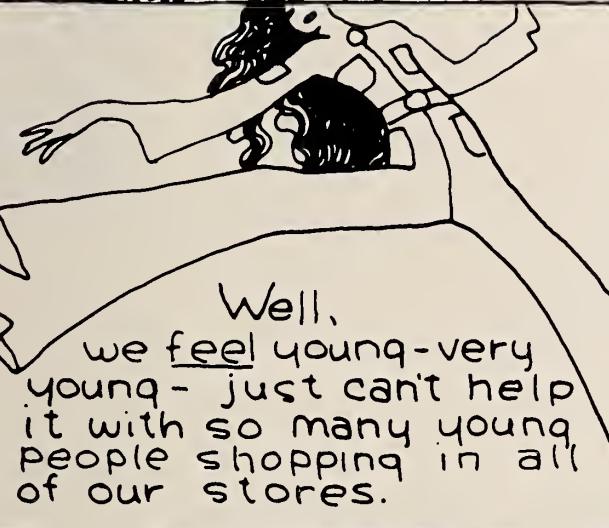
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